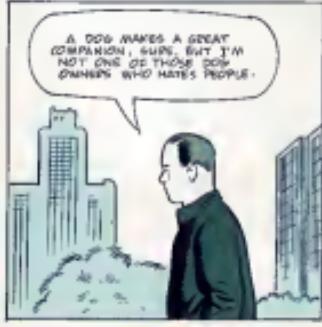


# EIGHTBALL



# ANDY 2004





# THE ORIGIN OF



# ANDY



56 FATHER AND I CAME HERE TO LIVE WITH MY CHILDREN,  
AND DAD TO DIE. THEY SHOT ME FIFTEEN P.M.



WANT TO KNOW MORE? CALL 1-800-222-1811 OR VISIT [www.earth911.org](http://www.earth911.org)

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# WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ANDY?

WHICH ANDY?

I DON'T KNOW HIM AT ALL.

I'VE HEARD A LOT OF WEIRD STUFF ABOUT THAT GUY. YOU MEAN GUYANNE ANDY, RIGHT?

I WENT HIM TO FUCK ME. JUST KIDDING.

I THINK I HAD HIM IN ONE CLASS BUT HE NEVER SAYS ANYTHING.

RADHOT.

HE THINKS HE'S BETTER THAN EVERYBODY, BUT HE'S DEFINITELY NOT.



HE'S NOTHING.

DOES HE EVEN GO TO THIS SCHOOL ANYMORE?

WHO CARES? NO OPINION.

THANK YOU.



## LOUIE AT HOME

WHAT IS THIS SHIT?

LOUIE!

WHAT'S ALL I'M SAYING IS IT TASTES LIKE SHIT.

YOU NEED TO SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR YOUR MOTHER.

MOM!

LOUIE!

LOUIE, C.J. IS THEBBE'S SISTER AND I WANT YOU TO --

JESUS CHRIST, MAMA! OPEN YOUR EYES!

HE'S ALL STRING AND BONE. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING UP THERE?

LOUIE, WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF MY BUSINESS?

WHAT BUSINESS? DRUG DEALERIN' NOW?

DON'T PUSH IT, LOUIE.

OH, I'M SO SCARED!

MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE.

TELLA, LOUIE -- WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE SUCH AN ASSHOLE?

# ANDY'S WORLD





# Dear Dusty

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long. I've been hanging out with my friends, though not with a pretty cool kid. His dad used to be a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* and he became a *Stratocat* and now he's in Arizona.

I guess I don't have a lot in common with most other kids. I don't really like rock music or a lot of TV shows. Louise listens to *People Talk* which I used to listen to until I explained to me I'm more into old music, I guess.

It's sort of like that most people don't really care about the *Stratocat*, that they just write up part of "the old crowd," which is okay, I guess. My trouble is I can never really find a group I want to join. Louise's Italian and a Catholic, which the guys think but at least it's something. I'm not even sure what my *Stratocat* is. Plus, American, I guess. Maybe I should listen to the *Stratocat* Anthem or something.

So, how do you do? What have we got for you? I gave *People Talk* another which was good like you said. I went with Louise and her mom. That's weird, I haven't been going on and dates!

I still think about that guy in Lawrence and all the stuff we used to do. Don't you think it'd weird how you never hear that going on the radio anymore? I guess that's just the way it is.

Anyways, I hope you write me soon and tell me what you ate up to.

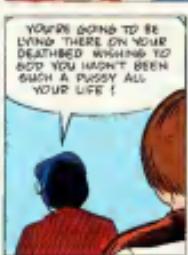
Yours sincerely,

Andy



# CIGARETTE?

NO THANKS.





# INCREDIBLE

I WOKE UP AT 6 AM  
GROGGY, BUT FILLED  
WITH SUPERHUMAN  
ENERGY

I FELT AN INTENSE AWARENESS  
OF MY PHYSICAL SELF. LIKE  
EVERY SOUND INSIDE MY BODY  
WAS AMPLIFIED



IT'S LIKE I  
COULD HEAR  
EVERY BONE  
COUGHING  
THROUGH MY  
ARTERIES AND EVERYTHING



I ACTUALLY THOUGHT FOR A  
MINUTE THAT I MIGHT EXPLODE.  
IT'S LIKE MY ATOMS WERE  
SUDDENLY INSTABLE



I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO EXPLAIN IT  
EXACTLY, BUT I  
WAS OVERPOWERED  
WITH A SENSE OF  
ABSOLUTE  
CONFIDENCE  
THAT I  
COULD DO ANYTHING,  
THAT I WAS  
IN EVERY WAY  
SUPERIOR

I THOUGHT ABOUT LON CHAMAYE, JR.,  
AND THAT HOSTILE, HUNTED LOOK  
LARRY TILLOT NOT. WHEN THE MOON  
WAS FULL. WAS I GOING TO KILL  
SOMEONE, AND FORGET ABOUT IT BY  
TOMORROW?



IT'S LIKE IN A DREAM WHERE YOU DON'T SWIM,  
OR BREATHING UNDER WATER. YOU KNOW IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE, BUT IT FEELS SO NATURAL...

MY MIND WAS RACED, POUNDING, MARTING  
INSANE CONNECTIONS. I COULD ACTUALLY HEAR  
THE ELECTRIC CRACKLE OF OVERHEARD  
WHISPERS RUMBLING IN MY SKULL

I THOUGHT ABOUT LON CHAMAYE, JR.,  
AND THAT HOSTILE, HUNTED LOOK  
LARRY TILLOT NOT. WHEN THE MOON  
WAS FULL. WAS I GOING TO KILL  
SOMEONE, AND FORGET ABOUT IT BY  
TOMORROW?

I TELL YOU, THE  
WHOLE THING WAS JUST  
UNPRECEDENTED!



# THE NEXT DAY



AFTER THEM, I WAS VERY CAREFUL ABOUT MAKING FRIENDS. MOST PEOPLE DON'T TAKE FRIENDSHIP VERY SERIOUSLY AND IT'S ALL TOO EASY TO GET HURT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW SOME PEOPLE CAN HAVE LIKE TEN OR TWENTY "GOOD FRIENDS" AND THEY'RE REALLY FRIENDS? IT JUST SEEMS SO SHALLOW.



FUCK ME,  
ANDY!

# THE

YEAH, BABY...  
THAT'S IT!



SO HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED:  
I GOT A TERRIBLE HEADACHE  
AND MISSED THE NEXT TWO  
MUSIC CONCERTS. THEN  
IT WAS SPRING VACATION—  
LAST NIGHT I HAD TO NEW YORK  
TO VISIT MY LITTLE  
SISTER AND SO I SPENT  
THE WHOLE TIME PRETTY  
MUCH ALONE.



DURING THE WEEK  
OFF I STARTED TO  
EXPERIMENT WITH THE  
CIGARETTES, TAKING A  
FEW LITTLE PUFFS AT  
A TIME. I GOT  
SO I COULD MAINTAIN  
A LOW LEVEL OF THE  
ENERGY WITHOUT  
DETERIORATING MUCH OF A  
HEADACHE AT ALL.



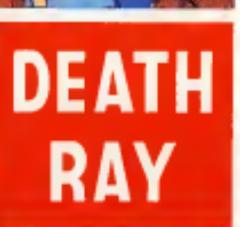
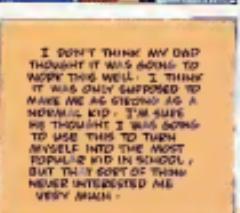
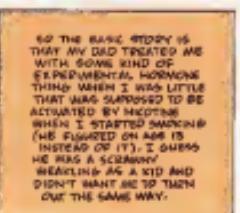
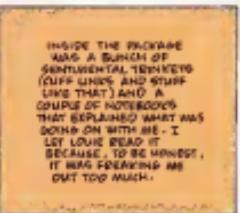
# ORIGIN



OH ANDY,  
YOU FUCK  
ME SO  
GOOD!

# OF





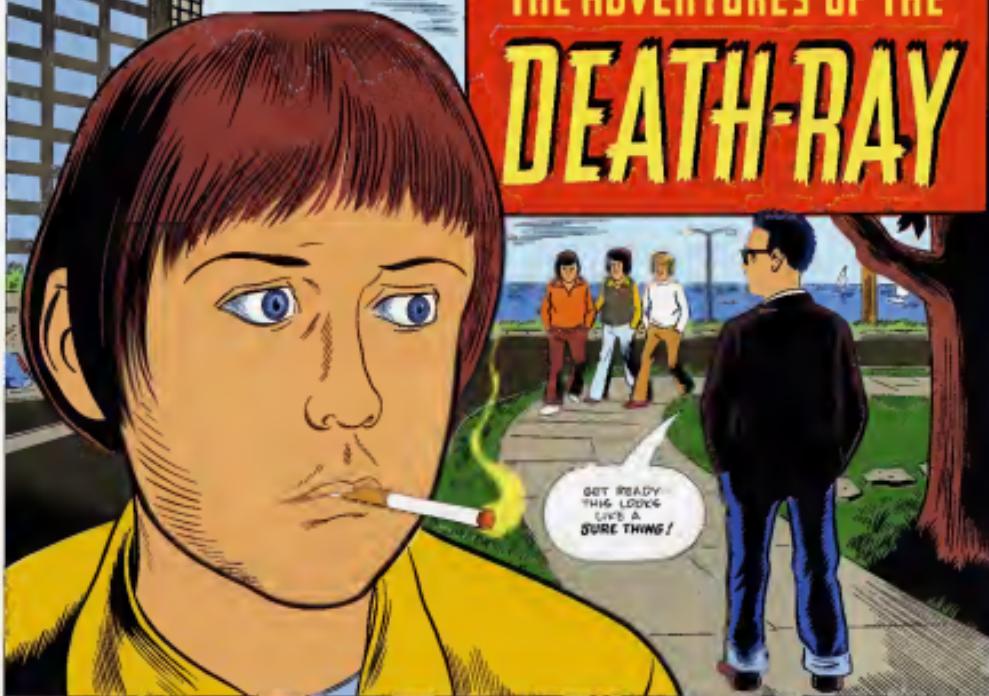


STRIKE  
THREE



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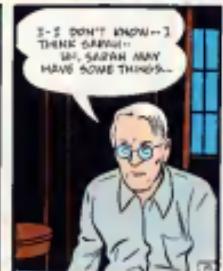
# THE ADVENTURES OF THE DEATH-RAY

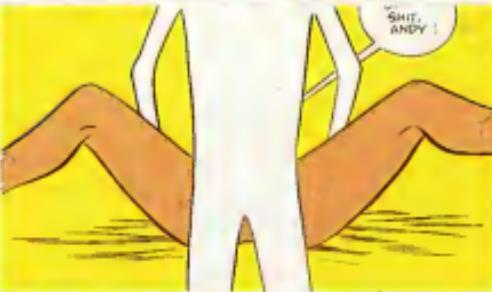


# ANDY



# THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE DEATH-ARY







# ON PATROL



AFTER DAD DIED I WAS SHIPPED TO NO LIVE WITH HER, BUT LUCKILY I WAS ABLE TO SCAM THE CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST INTO LETTING ME STAY AT HOME WITH PAPPY.



STILL, I HAVE TO SAY I THINK I COME FROM A PRETTY GREAT FAMILY. I MEAN, JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT MY DAD DID FOR ME. WHAT DAD HAS EVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE?



I'M BEEN THINKING A LOT LATELY ABOUT HOW MUCH STUFF WE TAKE FOR GRANTED. WE'RE SO LUCKY TO LIVE IN THE MODERN WORLD. I MEAN, IF YOU WERE BORN IN BRONZEZ TIMES, YO'D SPEND ALL DAY LOOKIN' FOR SPUDS AND THEN YO'D DIE IN RAIN AT AGE TWENTY.



THAT'S WHY I FEEL I HAVE TO DO MY PART, HONORABLE SIR, TO HELP OUT HUMANITY. OR AT LEAST THE GOOD, DECENT MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.



ANYWAY, SHE SAID THIS PATRIOTIC RUM IN THE IMAG' TERRA, AND I WOULD CORK IT IN YOUR MOUTH (TONGUE AND DEBRIS GROWIN' ZONE, I THINK).



I LIKED AUNT DELIA OKAY, EXCEPT SHE ALWAYS KIND OF MADE ME FEEL LIKE A PHONY THIRD. SHE REALLY DID NOT GET ME AT ALL.



AND PAPPY, TOO — HE WAS ALWAYS GREAT TO ME — I JUST WISH ...



REALLY, WE SHOULD ALL BE SO THANKFUL FOR OUR ANCESTORS IN THE HUMAN RACE.

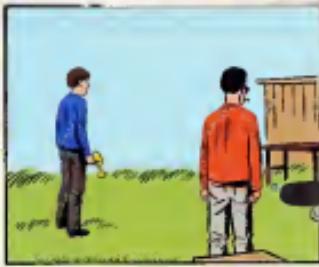


IT'S NOT EASY, THOUGH — AND TO BE HONEST, A LOT OF THE TIME IT FEELS MIND OF LIKE HOME WORK.



SAT SOMEbody HAD TO JARROB SOME KIND OF STRUCTURE ON THIS WORLD, I GUESS. OTHERWISE EVERYTHING WOULD JUST FALL APART. WOULDN'T IT?



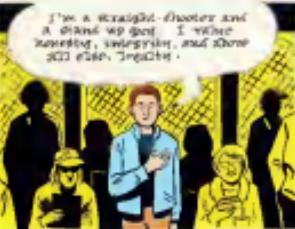
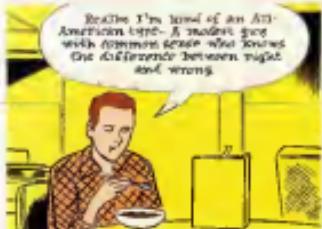


# TARGET PRACTICE



# SONNY

I can feel myself changing... or maybe just changing myself, but trying to realize who I am as a person...



I have to return again.  
I know this transvestite creature, just  
even so... I want to help her.

In fact, I always devote my life to  
the protection of the weak, the innocent,  
the tortured, and the disadvantaged.

YOU BOYS ARE TOO  
YOUNG TO KNOW ABOUT REAL  
PAIN... I DON'T CARE IF  
YOU LOSE YOUR EYES, OR  
YOUR ARM, OR YOUR  
BODHRAN HEAD.  
THERE IS NO PAIN  
LIKE HEARTACHE.



SONNY'S ALL RIGHT  
WITH ME, MAN... HE'S  
THE CLOSEST THING  
TO REAL FAMILY  
I'VE GOT :

BUT  
HE'S NOT  
GOING OUT  
WITH YOUR  
SISTER ANY  
MORE... IS  
HE?

THE  
STUPID  
BITCH!

WHAT  
ABOUT  
YOUR OTHER  
SISTER IN  
NEW YORK?

HE  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW  
HER.

NO, YOU SAID  
SONNY'S THE  
CLOSEST THING  
TO A FAMILY...  
WHAT ABOUT  
HER?

GIVE ME A  
BREAK-- SHE'S A  
PLUCKY DYKE



# Andy's Dream

There was this lone white flower growing on it, stand as straight as a pencil and one thing would start to disappear. All the



These persons should be  
so far as possible  
removed from  
Foggy-London.



I was so tired of the Web, which I guess was supposed to be the way 'backward', that I didn't even want to go outside!



I want to make a break for it. But outside the door was pure whiteness. It filled up the room and blotted out the sun. I've NEVER been so scared.



I wrote  
my totaling  
distrusted  
No number  
what I did.  
I couldn't  
get away  
from the  
nothingness



Later that night I had another dream. In this one Jesus was talking to me with his hands clasped. I /



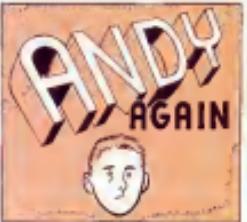
I always have  
something thoughtful  
for you.

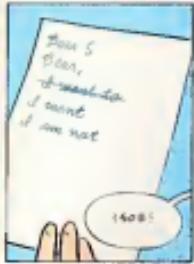
# SONNY AND THERESA



# THE DEATH-RAY AND LOUIE









# THE UNTHINKABLE

YOU'D THINK SOMETHING LIKE THAT WOULD FREAK ME OUT, BUT I HADLY HAVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT. I SUGGEST THE MOURNING WIP. I MEAN, ADULTS HAVE TO DEAL WITH TOUGH DECISIONS EVERY DAY. NOT THAT IT'S SOMETHING I TAKE LIGHTLY, AND I HOPE TO GOD I NEVER HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN EVER, BUT...



I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD IT IN HIM - I WAS SHOCKED. I DON'T KNOW, I JUST DIDN'T EXPECT IT. I MEAN, HE WAS MORE UPSET 'BOUT THE CHIMPANZEES. I GUESS I SHOULD BE GLAD HE'S MY FRIEND, BUT JESUS CHRIST, ANDY!





# Dear Dusty

(again)

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long, though I guess I shouldn't be. Did you know you haven't written me since that Christmas card?

Do you still love me as I do? I hope so, though it would be better if you didn't.

I've been involved in something big. I can't

talk about it right now, but you'll know everything some day.

If you ever get a package from me, DON'T OPEN IT. Put it in your closet and hide it until you receive further instructions.

So how are you? I am fine. Actually, I feel kind of weird lately. I

haven't been hanging out with Louie as much. He has a girlfriend now, so he's busy.

That's all for now. Write back to me soon, okay?

andy

P.S. Even if it's just a short note to tell me to stop bothering you.

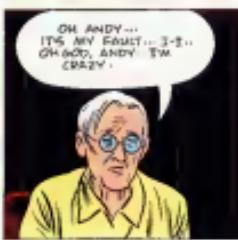
## LOUIE IN LOVE

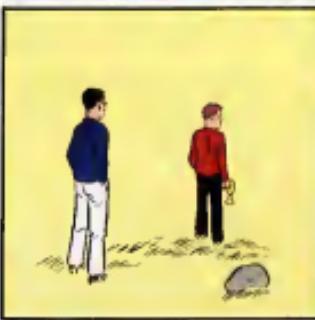
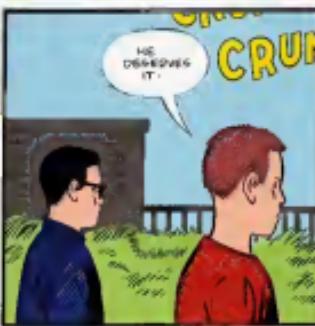


## ANDY, LOUIE



# THE LAST STRAW





# 26 YEARS LATER







I MADE SONNY DO ALL THE WORK SINCE WE GOT THERE. I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A GREAT IDEA TO SHOW MY FACE - BESIDES, HE HAD SUCH A GREAT WAY WITH PEOPLE.



SHE DIDN'T LOOK SO GOOD, I HAVE TO SAY, BUT, IF I SQUINTED MY EYES I COULD SEE THE WAY SHE USED TO BE. SHE HADN'T STOPPED LOVING HER - AND, STILL, HAVEN'T FOR THIS DAY COME TO THINK OF IT.



BUT THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. WE WERE ON A MISSION, AND THIS WAS JUST THE STOP ALONG THE WAY.

SORRY, BUDDY. SHE DOESN'T HAVE IT.

STILL, I THINK IT WAS A POSITIVE EXPERIENCE TO SEE HER AGAIN. ANYWAY, I TRIED TO GET YOU TO UNDERSTAND YOUR OWN FEELINGS. A BIT IS A PLUS IN MY BOOK.

THAT'S DICKY, BUDDY. LET IT OUT.



IT TOOK US ANOTHER TWO WEEKS TO TRADE DOWN THE GUN, AND THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE WE GOT A LUCKY BREAK.



I THINK THIS IS A SHOT OVER TO BAKERSFIELD.

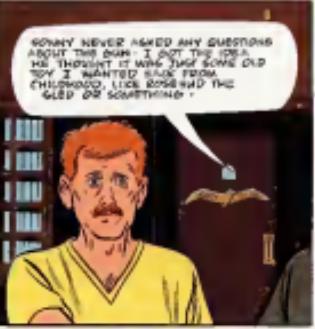
EVEN AFTER TWENTY YEARS I DON'T HAVE TO BE A PRETTY GIRL TO GET A GUN. THAT'S NOTHING IF NOT CLEAR-HEADED.



WE GOT THERE JUST IN TIME - HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO SELL IT ON THE COMPUTER. I HAD TO PAY FOR HIM TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY FOR MY OWN DAMN SAKE!



SONNY NEVER ASKED ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS GUY. I GOT THE IDEA HE THOUGHT IT WAS SOME OLD GUY HE'D BEEN TALKING TO. I WANTED TO TALK TO THE CHILDREN, BUT HE TALKED THE GUY OUT SOMETHING.



ANYWAY, I WENT BACK HOME AND TOOK CARE OF MY BUSINESS. EVERYONE WAS BELIEVED, AND I GOT GOOD MONEY. THEN, ONE MONTH LATER I GOT THE HIGH OUT OF INDIANA AND MOVED BACK TO THE OLD HOMECOMING.



I GUESS I ALWAYS KNEW I'D WIND UP BACK HERE EVENTUALLY. HELL, WHERE ELSE AM I GOING TO GO?



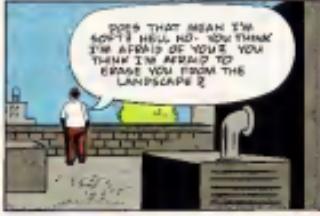
WHEN I WAS YOUNGER I USED TO DREAM ABOUT FINDING THE PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE - THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE PEOPLE TREAT EACH OTHER RIGHT, WHERE ENDLESS WILL SMILES. WHAT'S I NEVER FOUND IT.



EXCUSE ME?



# THE UNITED STATES OF ANDY



# WHY DID ANDY DESTROY YOU?

I SOLD SOME BEADS TO HIS MIND'S DAUGHTER.

I FUCKED HIS WIFE.

I FUCKED HIS OTHER WIFE.

IT WAS MY OWN FAULT, REALLY. I'M SORRY, ANDY.

# WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ANDY (AGAIN)?

GAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT ANDY, HE'S NUMBER ONE IN MY BOOK.

PLEASE, NO ANDY QUESTIONS.

MAY GOD FIND A WAY INTO HIS HEART.

OH ANDY...

# CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

HOW WILL OUR  
STORY END ??  
YOU DECIDE!

A. ANDY ZAPS EVERYONE IN THE WORLD UNTIL HE'S THE ONLY ONE LEFT.



B. HE TURNS THE SUN ON HIMSELF AND THE WORLD STOPS ON WITHOUT HIM.



C. HE CONTINUES TO LIVE MUCH AS HE HAS FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. AFTER DANNIE SHE'S HE GETS A ROY TERRIER NAMED MICKIE, AND AFTER THAT, A COLLIE - HE REMARRIES, DIVORCES, HAS A DIVORCE ON THE THIRD FLOOR, AND CHARITY THEREAFTER GIVES A WOMAN IN HER SIXTIES FOR SEVERAL YEARS. HE'S 85 AND HE'S STILL AT THE LIBRARY WITH THE INHABITANTS OF MONTGOMERY, CALIFORNIA, BUT FINDS IT TOO EXPENSIVE. HE REMOVES FROM EXPENSES FOR A WHILE AND SPITS ON PEOPLE, AND THE EX-HUSBAND OF THE DIVORCE ON THE THIRD FLOOR. HE BUSES THE TRAIN TO NEW YORK, WHERE HE LIVES IN THE INHABITANT'S SHIRTLESS. HE BURNS HIS DAD'S PAPERS AND SCATTERS THE ASHES IN THE LAKE. AT SOME POINT HE DIES, PROBABLY OF LUNG CANCER.



# THE DEATH- RAY

